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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

APPRECIATION

FALL RIVER, MASS.

SIR,—The October number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is one of the richest and most moving in its intellectual and genetic power of all issues of magazines which have ever come under my eye.

I say this, with all restraint, in spite of the fact that I am a gormand of books—what the old Romans called a *helluo librorum*—and skim or suck the contents of many a magazine, in the course of a year, American and foreign.

The October number of the old NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is a credit not only to editor and contributors, but to the American people. I am glad that there is at least one editor who holds fast to the almost obsolete tradition that there is an American public, a reading constituency which is receptive to the stimulus of noble thoughts, nobly expressed, and which has not been washed out in the suds of feminism and impressionist vapor, which are the thin basis of so much of present-day literature.

I was much impressed by your fine article on Asquith. How could you cram so much thought, such an intimate word-picture of a powerful, energetic, compelling, intellectual personality, into so small space? It is a wonderful word-portrait of a most effective statesman, whose surpassing ability is hardly recognized by his own countrymen.

I have just read Trevelyan's *John Bright*, deeply interesting to me, as I enjoyed a slight acquaintance with that splendid survival of the Puritan conscience and master of emotional eloquence. Orator, fervid-glowing, pictorial, with a sense of the Hebrew prophetic instinct, Bright certainly was. He was touched with a sensitive emotionalism which Asquith lacks. The gods do not give with both hands. But Bright, or probably Gladstone or Lincoln, could never have carried Great Britain through the storm and stress of our complex times, as the steady hand, analytic brain, immense self-restraint, enormous personal power of Asquith have ridden the waves.

Your article is one of the completest of short character-studies, "rammed with thought."

There are other articles in your October number to which I would gladly refer. Some of them, also yours, I shall read more than once.

MELTON REED.

THE ENGLISH AND MR. BRYAN

NEW YORK.

SIR,—I've returned home to find some copies of THE REVIEW waiting, and have just finished reading the attack made by Sydney Brooks upon Mr. Bryan in the July issue. Mr. Bryan is not one of my favorites and we do not stand for his political fads, nor know him personally, but I must say Mr. Brooks's unkind article cut me to the quick. I feel *personally* aggrieved. It certainly is a *very cruel* article. One, of course, knows that people must be abused and ridiculed, and one expects anything from daily papers, but on the pages of a respectable monthly, just that kind of abuse is a surprise. In various phrasings, on nearly every page, is Mr. Bryan called in effect a hopeless, brainless fool.

Not only this, but Mr. Brooks seems to take delight in sneering allusions to America and Americans through every page. Of course we are quite accustomed to this sort of thing from a certain class of English, and we ascribe it to devouring petty jealousy, but the supercilious assumption of superiority by